

# THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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## SYNOPSIS

Wayland Norcross, an eastern youth seeking health in Colorado, meets Berenice McFarlane, called Berrie, typical ranch girl, daughter of the supervising ranger of Bear Tooth forest.

Berrie is greeted by her lover, Cliff Belden, a cowboy, supposed to be interested in a saloon at Meeker's Mill, where Norcross is bound. Berrie guides Norcross to his destination.

Nash, the ranger at Bear Tooth, gives Wayland points on forestry. He also offers him a place in the service. Berrie decides to go with them over the trail.

They climb the high, rough trail and only make camp when Wayland is on the point of collapse. Night in the open charms Wayland.

A shower intercepts them and the girl gives the youth her raincoat. There is a rough climb at Meeker's, and Norcross chooses Landon, the ranger, as his companion. Landon loves Berrie.

Cliff notices Berrie's interest in the tenderfoot and warns him away. He also takes his betrothed to task. She resents this and breaks their engagement.

Wayland blunders repeatedly. The supervisor goes after the horses which have wandered off. He is detained. Norcross arranges to sleep outside and Berrie inside a tent.

Wayland being ill, Berrie insists that he sleep in the tent. The supervisor doesn't return. They break camp. Wayland is used up on the trail.

(Continued from Last Week)

As her match flamed up Norcross found himself in a rough walled cabin, in which stood a square cook stove, a rude table littered with dishes, and three stools made of slabs. It was all very rude, but it had all the value of a palace at the moment.

The girl's quick eye saw much else. She looked at an oil lamp, some pine wood and a corner cupboard. In a few moments the lamp was lit, the stove refilled with fuel and she was stripping Wayland's wet coat from his back, cheerfully discarding as she did so. "Here's one of Tony's old jackets, put that on while I see if I can't find some dry stockings for you. Sit right down here by the stove; put your feet in the oven. I'll have a fire in a jiffy. There, that's right. Now I'll start the coffee pot." She soon found the coffee, but it was unground. "Wonder where he keeps his coffee mill." She rummaged about for a few minutes, then gave up the search. "Well, no matter, here's the coffee, and here's a hamper. One of the laws of the trail is this: If you can't do a thing one way, do it another. I depend on this coffee to brace you up," she said.

After hanging a blanket over the broken window, she set out some cold meat and a half dozen baking powder biscuits, which she found in the cupboard, and as soon as the coffee was ready she poured it for him, but she would not let him leave the fire. She brought his supper to him and sat beside him while he ate and drank.

"The hot, strong coffee revived him physically and brought back a little of his courage, and he said, 'I'm ashamed to be such a weakling.'"

"Now, hush," she commanded. "It's not your fault that you are weak. Now, while I am eating my supper you slip off your wet clothes and creep into Tony's bunk, and I'll fill one of these strap cubs with hot water to put at your feet."

It was of no use for him to protest against her further care. She insisted, and while she ate he meekly carried out her instructions, and from the delicious warmth and security of his bed watched her moving about the stove till the shadows of the room became one with the dusky figures of his sleep.

A moment later, as it seemed, something falling woke him with a start, and, looking up, he found the sun shining and Berrie confronting him with an anxious face. "Did I wake you?" she asked. "I'm awfully sorry. I'm trying to be extra quiet. I dropped a pan. How do you feel this morning?"

He pondered this question a moment. "Is it tomorrow or the next week?"

She laughed happily. "It's only the next day."

He laid his hands together and then felt of his pulse. "I don't seem to have a temperature. I just feel lazy, limp and lazy, but I'm going to get up, if you'll just leave the room for a moment."

"Don't try it now. Wait till you have had your breakfast. You'll feel stronger then."

At this point came again the disturbing realization that this night of struggle and the ministrations of his brave companion had involved him deeper in a mesh from which honorable escape was almost impossible. The ranger's cabin, so far from being an end of their compromising intimacy, had added and was still adding to the weight of evidence against them both. The presence of the ranger or the supervisor himself could not now save Berenice from the gossip.

She brought his breakfast to him, and sat beside him while he ate, chatting the while of their good fortune. "It is glorious outside, and I am sure daddy will get across today, and Tony is certain to turn up before noon. He probably went down to Coal City to get his mail."

"I must get up at once," he said, in a panic of fear and shame. "The supervisor must not find me laid out on



"If you can't do a thing one way, do it another."

every muscle in his body seemed to cry out against being moved. Nevertheless he persisted and at last succeeded in putting on his clothes, even his shoes, though he found tying the laces the hardest task of all, and he was at the wash basin bathing his face and hands when Berrie hurriedly entered. "Some tourists are coming," she announced in an excited tone. "A party of five or six people, a woman among them, is just coming down the slope. Now, who do you suppose it can be? It would be just our luck if it should turn out to be some one from the mill."

He divined at once the reason for her dismay. The visit of a woman at this moment would not merely embarrass them both, it would torture Berrie. "What is to be done?" he asked, roused to alertness.

"Nothing; all we can do is to stand pat and act as if we belonged here."

"Very well," he replied, moving stiffly toward the door. "Here's where I can be of some service. I am an excellent white liar."

The heat of hoofs upon the bridge drew his attention to the cavalcade, which the keen eyes of the girl had detected as it came over the ridge to the east. The party consisted of two men and two women and three pack horses completely outfitted for the trail.

One of the women, spurring her horse to the front, rode serenely up where Wayland stood and called out: "Good morning! Are you the ranger?"

"No; I'm only the guard. The ranger has gone down the trail."

He perceived at once that the speaker was an alien like himself, for she wore tan colored riding boots, a divided skirt of expensive cloth and a jaunty, wide rimmed sombrero. She looked indeed precisely like the heroine of the prevalent western drama. Her sleeves, rolled to the elbow, disclosed shapely brown arms, and her neck, bare to her bosom, was equally sun smit, but she was so round cheeked, so childishly charming, that the most critical observer could find no fault with her makeup.

One of the men rode up. "Hello, Norcross. What are you doing over here?"

The youth smiled blandly. "Good morning, Mr. Belden. I'm serving my apprenticeship. I'm in the service now."

"The mischief you are!" exclaimed the other. "Where's Tony?"

"Gone for a mail. He'll return soon. What are you doing over here, may I ask?"

"I'm here as guide to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore, this is Norcross, one of McFarlane's men. Mr. Moore is connected with the tie camp operations of the railway."

Moore was a tall, thin man with a gray beard and keen blue eyes. "Where's McFarlane? We were to meet him here. Didn't he come over with you?"

"We started together, but the horses got away, and he was obliged to turn up soon."

"I am frightfully hungry!" interrupted the girl. "Can't you hand me out a loaf of bread and meat? We've been riding since daylight."

Berrie suddenly appeared at the door. "Sure thing," she called out. "Slide down and come in."

Moore removed his hat and bowed. "Good morning, Miss McFarlane. I didn't know you were here. You know my daughter Siena?"

Berrie nodded coldly. "I've met her. He indicated the other woman. "And Mrs. Belden, of course, you know."

Mrs. Belden, the fourth member of the party, a middle aged, rather plump person, just being eased down from her horse, turned on Berrie with a battery of questions. "Good Lord! Berrie McFarlane, what are you doing over in this forsaken hole? Where's your dad? And where is Tony? If Cliff had known you was over here he'd have come too."

Berrie retained her self possession. "Come in and get some coffee, and we'll straighten things out."

Apparently Mrs. Belden did not know that Cliff and Berrie had quarreled, for she treated the girl with maternal familiarity. She was a good natured, well intentioned old sloven, but a most renowned tattler, and the girl feared her more than she feared any other woman in the valley. She had always avoided her, but she showed nothing of this dislike at the moment.

Wayland drew the younger woman's attention by saying, "It's plain that you, like myself, do not belong to these parts, Miss Moore."

"What makes you think so?" she brightly queried.

"Your costume is too appropriate. Haven't you noticed that the women who live out here carefully avoid convenient and artistic dress? Now, your outfit is precisely what they should wear and don't."

This amused her. "I know, but they all say they have to wear out their

my duck. Please leave me alone for a moment."

She went out, closing the door behind her, and as he crawled from his bed Sunday go to meeting clothes, whereas I can 'rig out proper.' I'm glad you like my 'rig.'"

At the moment he was bent on drawing the girl's attention from Berrie, but as she went on he came to like her. She said: "No, I don't belong here, but I come out every year during vacation with my father. I love this country. It's so big and wide and wild. Father has built a little bungalow down at the lower mill, and we enjoy every day of our stay."

"You're a Smith girl," he abruptly asserted.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, there's something about you Smith girls that gives you dead away."

"Gives us away? I like that!"

"My phrase was unfortunate. I like Smith girls," he hastened to say.

In five minutes they were on the friendliest terms—talking of mutual acquaintances—a fact which both puzzled and hurt Berrie. Their laughter angered her, and whenever she glanced at them and detected Siena looking into Wayland's face with coquettish glances she was embittered. She was glad when Moore came in and interrupted the dialogue.

Norcross did not relax, though he considered the dangers of cross examination almost entirely passed. In this he was mistaken, for no sooner was the keen edge of Mrs. Belden's hunger dulled than her curiosity sharpened.

"Where did you say the supervisor was?" she repeated.

"The horses got away, and he had to go back after them," again responded Berrie, who found the scrutiny of the other girl deeply disconcerting.

"When do you expect him back?"

"Any minute now," she replied, and in this she was not deceiving them, although she did not intend to volunteer any information which might embarrass either Wayland or herself.

Norcross tried to create a diversion. "Isn't this a charming valley?"

Siena took up the cue. "Isn't it? It's romantic enough to be the backdrop in a Bret Harte play. I love it!"

Moore turned to Wayland. "I know a Norcross, a Michigan lumberman. Is he by any chance a relative?"

"Only a father," retorted Wayland, with a smile. "But don't hold me responsible for anything he has done. We seldom agree."

Moore's manner changed abruptly. "Indeed! And what is the son of W. W. Norcross doing out here in the forest service?"

The change in her father's tone was not lost upon Siena, who ceased her banter and studied the young man with deeper interest, while Mrs. Belden, detecting some restraint in Berrie's tone, renewed her questioning. "Where did you camp last night?"

"Right here."

"I don't see how the horses got away. There's a pasture here, for we rode right through it."

Berrie was aware that each moment of delay in explaining the situation looked like evasion and deepened the likelihood of her predicament, and yet she could not bring herself to the task of minutely accounting for her time during the last two days.

Belden came to her relief. "Well, well, we'll have to be moving on. We're going into camp at the mouth of the west fork," he said as he rose.

"Tell Tony and the supervisor that we want to line out that timber at the earliest possible moment."

Siena, who was now distinctly coquetting with Wayland, held out her hand. "I hope you'll find time to come up and see us. I know we have other mutual friends if we had time to get at them."

His answer was humorous. "I am a soldier. I am on duty. I'm not at all sure that I shall have a moment's leave, but I will call if I can possibly do so."

They started off at last without having learned in detail anything of the intimate relationship into which the supervisor's daughter and young Norcross had been thrown, and Mrs. Belden was still so much in the dark that she called to Berrie. "I'm going to send word to Cliff that you are over here. He'll be crazy to come the minute he finds it out."

"Don't do that!" protested Berrie. Wayland turned to Berrie. "That would be pleasant," he said smilingly.

But she did not return his smile. On the contrary, she remained very grave. "I wish that old telegraph had kept away," she was going to make trouble for all. And that girl, but she a peacemaker? I never could bear her."

"Why, what's wrong with her? She seems a very nice, sprightly person."

"She's a regular play actor. I don't like that kind of people. Why does she go around with her sleeves rolled up that way and her dress open at the throat?"

"Oh, those are the affectations of the moment. She wants to look tough and hideous. That's the idea with all the girls here now. It's only a harmless phase of foolishness."

She could not tell him how deeply she resented his ready tone of camaraderie with the other girl, but she was secretly suffering. It hurt her to think that he could forget his riches and be so free and easy with a stranger at a moment's notice. Under the influence of that girl's smile he seemed to have quite forgotten his exhaustion and his pain. It was wonderful how cheerful he had been while she was in sight.

In all this Berrie did him an injustice. He had been keenly conscious, during every moment of the time, not only of his bodily ills, but of Berrie, and he had kept a brave face in order that he might prevent further questioning on the part of a malicious girl. It was his only way of being heroic. Now that the crisis was passed he was quite as much of a wreck as ever.

## CHAPTER X.

Further perplexities.

PERCEIVING Wayland's returning weakness, Berrie insisted on his lying down again while she set to work preparing dinner.

"There is no telling when father will get here," she said. "And Tony will be hungry when he comes. Lie down and rest."

He obeyed her silently and, going to the bunk, at once fell asleep. How

long he slept he could not tell, but he was awakened by the voice of the ranger, who was standing in the doorway and regarding Berrie with a round eyed stare.

He was a tall, awkward fellow of about thirty-five, plainly of the frontier type, but a man of intelligence. At the end of a brief explanation Berrie said, with an air of authority: "Now you'd better ride up the trail and bring our camp outfit down. We can't go back that way anyhow."

The ranger glanced toward Wayland. "All right, Miss Berrie, but perhaps your tenderfoot needs a doctor."

Wayland rose painfully, but resolutely. "Oh, no. I am not sick. I'm a lit-



The Supervisor Waved His Hand.

tle lame, that's all. I'll go along with you."

"No," said Berrie decisively. "You're not well enough for that. Get up your horses, Tony, and by that time I'll have some dinner ready."

"All right, Miss Berrie," replied the man and turned away.

Hardly had he crossed the bridge on his way to the pasture when Berrie cried out. "There comes daddy!"

Wayland joined her at the door and stood beside her watching the supervisor as he came zigzagging down the steep hill to the east with all his horses trailing behind him roped together head to tail.

"He's had to come round by Lost Lake," she exclaimed. "He'll be tired out and absolutely starved. Wahoo!" she shouted in greeting, and the supervisor waved his hand.

There was something superb in the calm seat of the veteran as he slid down the slope. He kept his place in the saddle with the air of the rider to whom hunger, fatigue, windfalls and snowdrifts were all a part of the day's work, and when he reined in before the door and dropped from his horse he put his arm about his daughter's neck with quiet word: "I thought I'd find you here. How is everything?"

"All right, daddy. But what about you? Where have you been?"

"Clean back to Mill park. The blamed cayuses kept just ahead of me all the way."

"Poor old dad! And on top of that, the snow."

"Yes, and a whole haunt. I couldn't get back over the high pass. Had to go round by Lost Lake, and, to top it off, Old Baldy took a notion not to lead. Oh, I've had a peach of a time, but here I am. Have you seen Moore and his party?"

"Yes, they're in camp up the trail. He and Alice Belden and two women. Are you hungry?"

"Am I hungry? Sister, I am a well Norcross, take my horses down to the pasture."

She hastened to interpose. "Let me do that, daddy. Mr. Norcross is badly used up. You see, we started down here late yesterday afternoon. It was raining and horribly muddy, and I took the wrong trail. The darkness caught us, and we didn't reach the station till nearly midnight."

Wayland acknowledged his weakness. "I guess I made a mistake, supervisor. I'm not fitted for this strenuous life."

McFarlane was quick to understand. "I don't intend to pitchfork you into the forest life quite so suddenly," he said. "You'll also get out awhile. You'll get used to it."

"He'll look after the ponies. Nevertheless Wayland went out, believing that Berrie wished to be alone with her father for a short time.

As he took his seat McFarlane said: "You stayed in camp till yesterday afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes, we were expecting you every moment."

"He saw nothing in this to remark upon. 'Did it snow at the lake?'"

"Yes, a little. It mostly melted."

"It stormed up on the divide like a January blizzard. When did Moore and his party arrive?"

"About 10 o'clock this morning."

"I'll ride right up and see them. What about the outfit? That's at the lake, I reckon?"

"Yes, I was just sending Tony after it. But, father, if you go up to Moore's camp don't say too much about what has happened. Don't tell them just when you took the back trail and just how long Wayland and I were in camp."

"Why not?"

She reddened with confusion. "Because—You know what an old gossip Mrs. Belden is. I don't want her to know. She's an awful talker, and our being together up there all that time will give her a chance."

(Continued next week)

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## Legal Notices

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH J. KNAPP

STATE OF MICHIGAN, The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the village of Ithaca, in said County, on the 27th, day of July A. D. 1915.

Present: Hon. J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the Estate of Elizabeth J. Knapp, Deceased.

Albert L. Knapp having filed in said court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is Ordered, That the 27th day of August A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that the next of kin and all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate

A true copy

Belle Jenne, Clerk of Probate. 1898-4x

STATE OF MICHIGAN, In the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot.

In Chancery.

Anna E. Ravlin

vs.

Lee N. Ravlin.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery at Ithaca, Michigan, on the 26th day of August A. D. 1915.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file that the Defendant, Lee N. Ravlin is not a resident of this state but that his last known place of residence was at 111 11th st., in the city of Tacoma, state of Washington; that said defendant, Lee N. Ravlin could not be found as shown by the officers return to the subpoena issued in said cause; on motion of James G. Kress, Complainant's Solicitor, it is ordered that the said Defendant Lee N. Ravlin cause his appearance to be entered herein, within five months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the Complainant's Bill of Complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said Complainant's Solicitor with fifteen days after service on him of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident Defendant.

And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that complainant cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident Defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

Kelly S. Searl, Circuit Judge.

James G. Kress, Complainant's Solicitor.

A true copy

B. L. Case, Register in Chancery. 1903-7t

SOME DON'TS

For Stomach and Liver Sufferers

Don't take medicine for your stomach ailments morning, noon and night, as usually such medicines only give temporary relief and simply digest the food that happens to be in the stomach.

Don't permit a surgical operation. There is always serious danger in operations and in many cases of Stomach Liver and Intestinal Ailments the knife can be avoided if the right remedy is taken in time.

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